Enter Piſtoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his ſwelling, and his turkie-
cockes.
God pleſſe you Ancient Piſtoll, you ſcall,
Beggerly, lowſy knaue, God pleſſe you.
Piſt. Ha, art thou Bedlem?
Doſt thou thurſt baſe Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.
Flew. Ancient Piſtoll.
I would deſire you becauſe it doth not agree
With your ſtomackes, and your appetites,
And your digeſtions, to eate this Leeke.
Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Piſtol.
He ſtrikes him.

Piſt. Baſe Troyan, thou ſhalt dye.
Flewellen. I, I know I ſhall dye:
But in the meane time, I would deſire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.
Gower. Enough Captaine,
You haue aſtoniſht him, it is enough.
Flewel. Aſtoniſht him,
By Ieſu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate ſome part of my Leeke.
Piſt. Well muſt I bite?
Flew. I out of queſtion, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You muſt bite.

He makes Ancient Piſtoll bite of the Leeke.
Piſtol. Good, good.

Flewellen. I Leekes are goo
Looke you now, there is a ſill
To heale your bloody coxcom
Piſt. Me a ſhilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue another Leeke for you.
Piſt. I take thy ſhilling in ea
Flew. If I owe you any thing
I will pay you in Cudgelles:
You ſhall be a Wood-monger
And buy Cudgels. And ſo Go
Ancient Piſtoll, God pleſſe yo
And heale your broken pate.
Ancient *Piſtoll*, if you ſee Leek
Mocke at them, that is all: God

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtirre for t
Doth Fortune play the huſwife
Is honour cudgeld from my wa
Well France farewell, newes ha
That Doll is ſicke. One malady
The warres affoordeth nought,
Baud will I turne, and vſe the ſli
To England will I ſteale,
And there Ile ſteale:
And patches will I get vnto the
And ſweare I gat them in the Ga

Enter at one doore, the King
Lords.

And at the other doore, the Ki
Katherine, the Duke
and others

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